

THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

CHAPTER I.

The New England States are noted for their two ranges of mountains—the Green Mountains extending through the whole length of the State of Vermont, and the White Mountains stretching themselves through the northern part of the State of New Hampshire—two as lofty and beautiful ranges of mountains, as can be found in the United States. The scenery of both is grand and sublime in the extreme, and whether covered with the verdant cloak of summer, or whitened with the snows of winter, present to the eye a scene of attraction and grandeur. The incidents upon which the following story is founded, occurred on and in the vicinity of the White Mountains, a range which contains some of the highest peaks to be found in our country; that of Mount Washington which is the highest, being 6,634 feet above the level of the sea. Imagination may form something of an idea of the beauty of the scenery comprehended in the almost boundless view from the summit of the highest point of this lofty range of mountains, but to be appreciated according to their worth they must be seen with the naked eye. The green foliage of the mountain side extending to the very base, where it meets the plain, covered with the same luxuriant dye of nature, and spreading far away in the distance, here and there sprinkled with the beautiful silver flocks, and purpling streams with which New England abounds—spotted with neat little farm houses, and occasionally a small village nestled quietly down in some romantic spot, is a subject for a lover of nature to feast upon, and secretly to be quelled by the much talked of Italian and English scenery. From the towering height of Mount Washington, may be seen at no great distance, five peaks bearing the respective names of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson. In the vicinity of these is found the "Notch," a deep and extensive ravine, dividing the mountain for some distance, and forming on each side a wild and frightful appearance. In the "Notch" there now stands the remains of a dwelling house and out-buildings where once resided a family by the name of Wiley, who were in the year 1826, killed by a slide from the mountain above the dwelling, the tracks of which are visible to this day. To the west of the "Notch" spreads a sublime range of high mountains surrounded as it were, at their tops by the clouds. The peaks in this direction though not so high as those before spoken of, command an extensive and picturesque view. The eye wanders away in the long, dim distance of the hazy atmosphere, and like the mind's eye when taking a glance at future years, unable to discover with any distinctness what lies beyond your immediate comprehension.

There are on this range various caverns of different sizes and all descriptions, but the mountains around them are so very difficult of ascent, that they have seldom been visited. On the eastern side of these mountains, at some distance from the "Notch" there is a cave known to a few of the oldest inhabitants of that vicinity by the name of the "Bandit's cave." The name was given to it, having been the home of a large and powerful band of robbers, who spread themselves over the surrounding country, plundering all property of any value, that could be obtained by any stratagem, violence and force—a source of annoyance and terror to the people. The cave was a very large one, and consisted of various apartments and cavities which the bandits had formed into rooms suitable for their purpose. The entrance to it was so secluded that a person might pass within a few feet of it, and yet not discover it. From the entrance to it a person could stand and view the mountain side, taking in at the same time, a large portion of the plain below while directly at his feet was a precipice of some fifty feet, and almost perpendicular. On one side it was protected by a rock that formed the entrance to the cave, projecting from a high point overhead and gradually descending to the brow of the precipice, thus forming an insuperable barrier to admittance from that side, while the other side, the only place where an entrance could be made, was thickly overgrown with underbrush, so thickly matted together, that a passage through it was next to impossible, but the bandits had made an opening whereby they could enter by passing the boughs, passing through, and then leading them fall back to their original position, and no one would discover that it had been disturbed. Thus guarded, they were not under the necessity of placing upon the door the words so much disliked by busy bodies—No Admittance.

Farther down the mountain, in a very secluded spot there stands a rude log cabin surrounded with trees and bushes, to such an extent that it was hidden almost entirely from view and could be seen at only two points far above it, one of which was at the mouth of the cave. This house originally built for the accommodation of some laborers upon the mountain, was once the residence for a short time of the family of the leader of the band that had their home in the cave above described.

Charles Anson, was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in one of the New England States, and like most children under the same circumstances, was petted and spoiled while in youth, becoming before he had scarcely attained his fourteenth year, a confirmed idler, and consequently he gave up to manhood a dissipated and

willful youth, his passions and desires were uncontrolled and uncontrollable, exercising his will and pleasure at all times and upon all occasions.

He early became enamored of a young lady, whose beauty of person and amiability of manner, had won the better feelings of his heart, and with all his faults he could not but appreciate her worth and loveliness. She, in the meantime was drinking draught after draught from the goblet of Love, in the dream that there was coiled in the bottom of the cup a poisonous and deadly serpent, that would strike death to her heart's best hopes, and embitter the close of life, which had opened with so much excitement and promise, with sorrow, and trouble and grief, that would strew her path with thorns, which had in early life been spread with flowers. He paid his addresses to her, was accepted and married. For a time, the sun of prosperity and happiness shone upon them with much splendor and happiness, but a black and threatening cloud, hidden in the long dim distance of time, was slowly rising, and darkening the sky of their life. His love it might have been said was lost at his marriage. His youthful associates and practices, instead of being diminished, were now increased, and but a few short years had elapsed, and his dislike for home, and the society of her whom he had sworn to love, and protect became too evident to be misunderstood. She now found that he in whom she had garnered her bosom's best affections, was utterly unworthy of them. It is to be supposed that a knowledge of her real condition coming as it did, at a time when the tide of prosperity was at its fullest height would in no wise affect her. The tender flower beneath the chilling storm—His recklessness, and gambling habits associated, drew from him all the money that he could command, and he made repeated calls upon his father, till he had nearly ruined him, when assistance was denied him from that quarter, and feeling no inclination to abandon his present mode of life, the whole bulk of his mind was given to contrive some means by which he could be supported. After endeavoring to practice several schemes of fraud and crime to supply his wants, he with a number of his associates hit upon the expedient of forming a band of robbers. In this a large number were ready to cooperate, and he possessed a stout, robust frame, a strong constitution, together with a resolute and fearless spirit, he was chosen the leader of the band.

About the time that this association was formed, his wife gave birth to a daughter which awakened in the mind of its mother a hope that it would be the means of erasing in him a desire for home, and a love for the society of virtuous friends, and reclaiming him from his downward course. But these hopes like all others which she had cherished, were doomed to wither. He now informed her that it was his intention to remove to a distant village, but for what purpose he did not state, and as soon as she was able to endure the fatigue of a journey she was removed to the cabin on the mountain. Under the pretence of establishing himself in business at a distance, he left her relatives and friends without any knowledge of their whereabouts. Here she lived shut out from the world, with no society but that of her infant child, with such of her husband's time as was not devoted to his routine of wickedness. Her time was mostly occupied in watching over her child and providing for the wants of her husband. The remainder was given to weeping over her unhappy fate. Day after day thus passed on—the same feelings were realized from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the same pillow was nightly bedewed with tears of this broken hearted being. But for her child, she would have many times wished that she was the occupant of that receptacle for all beings—the silent tomb.

She had been alone with the child for nearly a week, and within that time, the sound of a human voice had not greeted her ear, when the evening, just after the sun had set, and nature was hushed to the stillness of night, and a threatening storm was rising in the western horizon, she heard his footsteps at the door. As he entered, she gave a terrible shriek, and endeavored to raise herself from the stool on which she was sitting, but her strength failed her and she fell back into her seat, covering her face with both her hands, to hide from her eyes the horrible spectacle before her. She sat thus for a moment and then rose to administer to his wants. His clothes were almost literally torn from his body, his face cut in several places, and the blood was oozing out of his wounds, and running down over his body. A glance sufficed to show that he was intoxicated. She assisted him to bed dressed his wounds in the best possible manner, and then set down to watch by his pillow, alone as were in the mountain wilderness—the darkness of night hovering over her, the wind sweeping fearfully by the cabin, and at every gust increasing with demon-like fury and mingled with large quantities of rain—rendering her home gloomy and dismal without, while trouble and sorrow had penetrated themselves masters within. The night passed slowly away, morning's length dawned, followed by the rising sun, which as it broke through the clouds, greeted her sleepless eyes with its radiant beams, and showed that the storm of the preceding night had passed away, and gave promise of being succeeded by a pleasant day. But there was no evidence of a change to be seen in the lowering sky that had been gathering over her head grew darker and darker, till the storm that had just begun to rage around her, would in all probability rage to such an extent that it would sweep her from the shores of time into the ocean of eternity.

The effects of the liquor that Charles had drunk the preceding day had now subsided, and he was enabled to relate the story of his misfortune. He had left the cave just at sunset, thinking to reach the cabin before it would be very dark, but in consequence of being intoxicated, he had become bewildered and lost his way. His step being unsteady, he had fallen several times among the rocks and stones, and thus received the wounds and bruises upon his body. He now made

known to her his intention to remove her to his cave, where he said he would be less liable to be discovered. In a short time his wounds were healed sufficient to permit him to leave the cabin, and make his way to his gang, with the promise of returning in a few days for his family. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Anson sat down, with her hands on her lap, and the tears of motherly affection bedewing his innocent face, to reflect upon what course it was best to pursue. She felt that she could never consent to take up her abode with a band of lawless robbers, and rear her child amid the scenes that were enacted among them; she also knew that she could never reconcile it with her sense of propriety to do this, and yet what else could she do? Could she leave her husband—him whom she had sworn to love as long as life would hold out, and him she did love, notwithstanding all the ill-treatment she had received from him. Could she break the tie that bound them, and leave them forever? If she could do this, where could she go? She had incurred the displeasure of her parents, in marrying, and had not darkened their doors since she became the bride of Charles Anson, and she feared that she should receive no assistance from that source. Thus situated, she felt that cold, words and frowns from her parents would be the filling up of her cup of sorrow to the brim, and therefore she could not consent to place herself before them in the humiliating posture of a mendicant asking assistance.

She sat for a few moments, ruminating upon her painful situation—first her anxiety for the welfare of her child, seemed to have the ascendancy over her mind, and then her love for her husband, and the hopes she entertained of his yet being reclaimed, seemed to bear away, and she was almost determined to stay with him, and share the disgrace and dishonor which he had already brought upon himself. Such is woman's love. But as the scene of lawless intoxication which she had recently witnessed came vividly up before her, she determined at once to leave the mountain, and trust to Providence for a home for herself and child. She had but few preparations to make for her departure, and was soon ready, when, taking her child in her arms, she knelt by the side of the lovely couch where she had often knelt, and offered up a fervent prayer to Almighty God, humbly imploring his protection on herself and lovely infant.

Who is there that could have looked upon this scene with a dry eye and an undecaying heart? If there is such a being to be found in this wide world, he is unworthy of the name of human. Alone in the wilderness, with no light to love or care for but his child; far away from friends and home, and exposed to cruel treatment, from one to whom she had looked for protection and support through the trials which best life's pathway—the wife of an inebriate, a robber, and a hard-hearted wretch. She reproached him not. Not one word of complaint was uttered in that short prayer, she prayed to God to guide her in her present undertaking, and for a blessing upon the head of her wayward husband, and then rising from her knees with a serene countenance, and a steady eye, evincing a determination to pursue the course she had just resolved upon, turned, and left the cabin trusting to God to find friends to take care of her child, in case her days should not be lengthened out to watch over her and guide her, herself; and she was fearful that her troubles would weigh upon her spirit till they would bring her to an early grave. Her face was now turned towards the foot of the mountain, where she arrived after much toil and trouble, from whence she travelled mile after mile, with her child in her arms, until she came near the suburbs of a beautiful little village, where she resolved to leave her child, and trust for future welfare to him who tempests the winds to the storm lamb, then rolling the infant snugly in her shawl, she noiselessly opened a gate, and entered a yard surrounding a large, and comfortable looking house, carefully laid her child down before the door, gave it one last fond embrace, and placing a piece of paper with the name of "Helen" upon it, by her side, turned with tears in her eyes and left the yard. She retraced her steps for some distance, until she arrived at a neat-looking farm house, by the road side, where she asked permission to stay through the night, which was readily granted.

The house where the infant Helen had been left, was the residence of a rich old bachelor by the name of Timothy Ruggles, but who was generally known by the neighbors, by the more vulgar appellation of "Old Rugg." In fact, two-thirds of the people of the village scarcely knew that he was the owner of any other name. His family consisted of a maiden lady of some thirty years of age, bearing the name of Hatty, which was but a moderate abbreviation of the more ancient name, Melchitable, who was chief servant or rather chief mistress of the house, (for she took it upon herself to see that all went right throughout the household) two old men, servants, and himself. The temper and disposition of Hatty was not of the mildest cast, and she very often found occasion to manifest her ill temper upon the servants, when out of the old gentleman's presence. She had lived a long time with "Old Rugg," and knew that he had a goodly share of the world's goods laid up in store for some one, and she could not conceive why she was not entitled to a portion of it, inasmuch as she had been an inmate of his house, and a slave to his whims for a great number of years, and he had not, that she knew of, a relative in the whole world.

Early the next morning, "Old Rugg" as was his usual custom arose for the purpose of taking his morning walk, and dressing himself, he took down his broad-brimmed hat which always hung in a certain place in the kitchen, except when upon the owner's head, and which had for many years protected his bald head, alike from the scorching sun of summer, and the storms of winter, and placed it upon his head and sallied out. As he opened the door, the bundle upon the stairs attracted his attention, and

he stooped to pick it up, thinking it to be a bundle of clothes, but the weight of it told him it was composed of something besides cloth, and he sat down to examine it. While he was busy with his hands untangling the bundle, his mind was revolving the probability of some fairy leaving him a roll of silver, and taking that curious method of transmitting it to him. But before his expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, the shawl was unrolled, and out peeped a smiling infant. The old gentleman did not seem at all displeased with the result of his golden dream, for he smiled & dandled the child on his knee, making however, as all old bachelors do, a very awkward appearance.

Hatty was soon aroused, and the child consigned to her care, while "Old Rugg" proceeded on his morning walk. When he returned, he found his house-keeper in no very pleasant mood. A new idea had struck her mind. She was fearful the old gentleman would keep the child, and a doubt it was his own, and should he do this, it would probably be the means of lessening the hold which she vainly imagined she had upon his golden affections. She determined to sound him upon the subject as soon as they were seated at the breakfast table, the very prettily asked him if he intended to keep the child.

"Keep her?" exclaimed he, "certainly I intend to keep her. Who is better able to keep her, and take care of her, than I am? as long as I am as able as I am now, she shall not want for friends or home."

This was a death blow to Hatty's hopes. If the child was adopted as his own she would, in all probability, inherit his property, leaving the large dower which she had long had in view for herself minus, and she sadly replied.

"Well, children can be found at all times, if a person wishes to adopt one as his own, without taking up with an outcast, and taking the highways for whatever may happen to be left there to die."

"It is my determination, Miss Hatty," replied he, "to adopt the child as my own and if the trouble which it will cause in bringing up should prove too much for you, you are at liberty to leave my services at any moment you choose."

This reply had the effect of silencing her and she did not venture to speak again upon the subject. She saw in a moment that she had touched a tender chord, when she stigmatized the child as an outcast.

She had for some time been receiving the address of the village schoolmaster, an old bachelor, who had the ill will of the scholars, and a majority of the villagers. He was avocative in the extreme, his whole study being how he could turn this and that to the best account. Piety and virtue were secondary objects with him and ambition for any high or noble purpose, was altogether out of the question, while his desire for acquiring money was unbounded. A love for the root of evil had evidently been planted in his heart while in youth, and the shoot that had sprung from this seed, had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Some of the villagers had even gone so far as to say that he would not hesitate to take other means to obtain money, than those held out as right and just, both by the laws of God and man. Certain it was, that he had never paid any particular attention to Miss Hatty until he had heard it hinted that she was to be Mr. Ruggles' heir. Of his birth and parentage no one had any information, and he was always very studious to avoid any mention of the subject, and never appeared free to converse upon his former life. He had managed to keep his place in the village school, by the assistance of a few persons whose favor he had gained, and in whose praise he was very prone.

When he made his appearance at "Old Rugg's" the next evening after the downfall of Hatty's hopes, on one of his love visits, he found the blooming and beautiful maiden in a fit of deep melancholy, and tenderly inquired the cause. She readily and without any hesitation whatever, informed him of the events of the preceding day, and confided to him her fears as to the effect they would have upon her welfare. Black, (for that was his name,) sympathized deeply with her in her troubles, and expressed a great deal of surprise at the course the old gentleman had pursued.

CHAPTER II.

Time passed on—years rolled by, and the infant Helen had grown to a lovely lass of nine or ten years, during which time her mother had resided but a few miles from the village, and employed her time in attending upon the sick, and administering to the wants of the afflicted, and so diligent was her search for and attention to the needy and suffering that she soon received the name of "The Nurse," and her ability and skill in that capacity was known far and wide. She had in the mean time, ascertained that her daughter had fallen into good hands, and therefore did not attempt to see her, knowing that her presence would serve but to bring her troubles to her mind's stress. She soon, however, began to have calls from the village to attend upon the sick, and one call succeeded another until the most of her time was spent among the villagers, from whom she received the appellation of "The Village Nurse." Here she had an opportunity of daily seeing her daughter, she was a lovely lass, and as fair and beautiful a child as ever claimed New England for her birthplace, and as she advanced in years, her mind expanded with increasing vigor, evincing judgment, talent, vivacity that would have done honor to a person of riper years. Her appearance was beautiful, and her manner at once winning and attractive. Her eyes were of a jet black, over which set a noble forehead of alabaster whiteness, contrasted strongly with the luxuriant tresses of dark hair that hung waving round her head, and in curls down her neck and over her shoulders. There was a smile ever beaming on her face, which served but to increase her attractions and prepossessions, the beholder in her favor. She moved with a graceful ease and poise, that art never bestow upon the human form. Added to these outward beauties, there was a

mind disposition, and a temperament as placid and serene as the water of a lake when sleeping quietly and untroubled by the winds and storms. Yet there was something in her searching eye that told of a spirit of bold daring, yet slumbering in her bosom, which would in time expand to a degree that would really rebuke provocation of too bold a nature, and even any insult that might ever be offered to her. Her guardian always took great delight in crossing her to the utmost extent of her childish gratification, and lavished upon her all the fondness of a parent. Thus she grew up, the pet of Mr. Ruggles, and respected and loved by her whole circle of acquaintance which was very large for there was scarcely a resident of the village but what knew "Hellen," the foundling, and each one had a word of kind greeting whenever they met her, which was received by her with a smile of pleasure and returned in a manner so courteous, that she soon won the affection of all who knew her. As she grew older, and was informed of the fact of her being a foundling and perhaps an orphan without a relative on earth, and when she allowed herself to reflect upon these things, a shade of deep melancholy would settle upon her brow, and her tears were ever and anon flowing. She often wept, she often mourned, for Hatty took every occasion to manifest her hatred for her, when she could do it unobserved by others, and she would very often, before she was aware of it, find herself in tears whenever she reflected upon her situation.

Time rolled on. She was now somewhat advanced in her teens, and the glow of childhood was fast deepening into the darker tints of the discretion and judgment of womanhood. A distemper broke out in the village of an alarming character, which prostrated many of the inhabitants upon beds of sickness, and a great number of deaths occurred in consequence of this disease.

Mrs. Anson was as usual at her post, attending upon the sick, and supplying their wants. She moved about even amid the worst cases of the disease, without taking it herself. It was that distressing complaint called the "Black Tongue," from which few that are attacked with it ever recover. It raged violently, sweeping the aged, the middle aged, the aspiring youth, and the smiling infant, alike into the grave. Many were the hearts that were desolate by the loss of one, two, three, and sometimes more members of a family, during the prevalence of this epidemic. At last, when it had nearly abated, Mrs. Anson, worn down with excessive toil and watchings, was taken sick, and the kind attentions were paid her which she had so long bestowed upon others. Her labor together with that trouble and sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits, brought her very low, and from her last attack she felt convinced that she could not long survive and there was but one thing that crept in her mind's desire to live any longer, and that was the welfare of her daughter. When she found that her strength was daily failing her, she sent for Helen, and disclosed to her the fact that she was her mother, and related the story of her life that we have given in the preceding chapter. This was a new era in Helen's life. She had a mother, and she now watched by her bedside both night and day, scarcely allowing herself sufficient rest to satisfy the demands of nature. Her mother grew worse, till death came to her relief. She died resting in the arms of her daughter, with a prayer on her lips, for the guiding hand of Providence to direct her through life. For a while Helen's grief was unbounded. She had found her mother, but to lose her and the recollections of suffering she had undergone, served but to heighten the tempest of her grief.

Many supposed that Mrs. Anson's disease was the same that had so recently prevailed in the village, and it was thought best to bury her as soon as practicable, and to bury her in the cemetery of the village, the funeral was to take place on the afternoon of the day on which she died. Notwithstanding the supposition that her disease was contagious, the church where her funeral was held, was filled to overflowing. In consequence of visiting some time to the prayers and entreaties of Helen not to remove the corpse, it was laid over the protection reached the church and twilight was fast succeeding the setting sun, before service was over. Here was a solemn and impressive scene, which is seldom witnessed—a funeral in the twilight of evening and a burial by moonlight. Although the corpse was followed by an immense multitude—the funeral procession—each one felt they had lost a friend that was dear to them, for she had long been a ministering angel, and the fact of her being the mother of Helen, increased if possible their respect for the deceased. The hymn was given out and sung with a solemnity that awed the congregation, and the prayer that followed seemed to come from the heart of divine fullness. The service which, immediately succeeded was impressive and eloquent, the eulogy upon the life & character of the deceased, left scarce a dry eye in the house. The service over, the procession moved to the grave by the dim light afforded by the rising moon, and the remains of this once loved and lovely but broken hearted being consigned to the silent tomb. Helen remained weeping over the grave of her mother, till the assemblage had dispersed, and she was left alone, with thought to assure but the knowledge that she was a Christian. The death of Mrs. Anson was severely felt for a long time, and the impression which her death and the funeral scene had made upon the minds of the people was more lasting and effective than any death that had occurred during the prevalence of the late sickness.

A few days after Mrs. Anson's death, there came a man to Mr. Ruggles in search of employment, and as his servant had been numbered with those who had been swept away by sickness, he gave him a situation, and as he takes an active part in the closing scenes of this story, it may be well to give a short description of him. His dress and manners together gave him the appearance of being a very verdant specimen of humanity, but whether he was in reality as vigorous as he appeared remains to be seen. His countenance which wore of a dark gray color, extended nearly half way from his knees to his ankles, at which point they tapered off in so small a compass as would admit of the passage of his feet whenever he had occasion to take them off and put them on, while at the top they gave evidence of the dissolution of co-partnership by mutual consent and agreement, between them and his feet, vest over which dangled the ends of a ragged shawl or two darker than that of his vest. His coat was of a dark brown, the skirts of which were but little more than a couple of hand breadths in length on the front, at which was mounted two rows of buttons in

unusual brightness. To crown all, rather, on the crown of his head, was placed a beaver, in a slanting position, the rim of which was of the same color as the coat, in width as the crown of his hat, and in the center of the crown, a small tuft of hair, resembling very much and old fashioned Church steeples in this singular costume, he made his appearance before Mr. Ruggles, and as we have before stated, obtained a situation. His course of conduct for a long time, indicated that he was as green as his appearance indicated. By degrees however he became interested into the arts and mysteries of "town life," and was soon quite an adept in all the crooks and turns, enough to show that he had been "broken in." He was faithful and gained the entire confidence of his employer, and that to an extent, that no one ever before had. Indeed, the old gentleman even permitted him to carry the key to his money chest, which if report was true, was no small privilege, for it was said to contain a large amount of money. There was but one thing about Odiah, (for that was the name which he was called,) that created any suspicion as to his honesty, and that was the fact that he was frequently gone from home for a day or so, and never appeared willing to tell where he had been, or what had been the nature of his business. But this was not enough to create in Mr. Ruggles' mind a sufficient distrust of Odiah to keep him from entrusting to him all his secrets.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

From the National Intelligence.

Superstition of the Seminoles.

THE PROCESS OF CONJURATION. Holatachee, a chief of the Seminole nation, nephew to Micanopy, their present King, and heir apparent to succeed him, returned to Florida from Arkansas in the summer of 1840, and remained there about two years endeavoring zealously and faithfully to effect by peaceable means the removal of his red brethren. Sometimes, when his pacific overtures failed, he took the field with the troops as a guide to the fastness of the hostiles, but he was never expected to join in combat against them except in self defence.

On his return from one of these expeditions in January, 1842, he was taken sick. When inquiries were made as to the nature of the sickness, he informed the medical officer that he believed he was made sick by the conjurations of the "Prophet," or Holatachee, the chief of the hostiles—then supposed to be perhaps fifty miles distant in the Southern part of the "Big Cypress Swamp," bordering on the mangroves. Holatachee is a very indignant Indian, and like most of the Seminoles, warlike and fond of a joke, and his statement did not fail to excite the mirth of the officers, who were incredulous to the sincerity of his statement. But he answered, as that he was not jesting; that he firmly believed it; that when men were entirely different from red men; that they were different flesh and blood, and told us that we were welcome to our creed, our manners and our philosophy, that they must also be allowed to cherish undisturbed their own manners and peculiar faith.

On being asked in what way the prophet so far distant was able to make him sick, he explained the process and ceremonies of the conjuration as follows: It is at night only that the conjurer can acquire a power over his victim. When an Indian sleeps; his body alone sleeps, his spirit is roaming abroad over the face of the earth, and it does not return to his body until the morning star rises. If before that star rises the conjurer can by his spell attract the spirit of his enemy up to his campfire, he may then torment and afflict him. To do this he places a kettle of water on the fire, puts in certain herbs possessing wizard charms, and well might this evil conjurer then exclaim, as did the witches in Macbeth,

"Double, double—till and trouble, Fire burn and caldron bubble."

He then makes a statue of the victim, upon the heart of which is placed a tobacco leaf, and a splinter from a tree risen by lightning. This statue is first placed at a distance from the fire, and at certain stages of the conjuration it is to be advanced, four separate times towards the campfire, which is the centre of these and many other wild incantations. At each separate approach of the statue an invocation is made to the spirit of the victim, and if, when the fourth invocation is completed, the morning star has not yet risen, the spirit of the unhappy victim may, if the fate have frowned upon him, be brought up within the influence of the conjurer.

It is, generally, certain old men, especially the "medicine men" of the tribe who possess these powers of conjuration. They are practiced most in times of war, as a mode of tormenting the enemy. In war, Indians' very souls are made up of stratagem and deceit. How untiring and sleepless is his vengeance, and how fertile in expedient. Thus, while the red warrior of the forest, having undergone the toils and dangers of the day, under cover of the night lies down before his camp fire to repose from his labors, and is seemingly buried in sweet sleep, his spirit roaming in dreams over the face of the beautiful earth, perchance haunting the favorite hunting grounds of his youth—his enemy, not alone satisfied with the ordinary arts of war, but these wild conjurations in requisition. But, as before stated, every power of incantation ceases the instant the morning star rises. The spirit instantly returns to the protection of its body, which is supposed to have sympathized as all the troubles of the ethereal residence. That beautiful star is then not only a harbinger of the god of day, surrounded with all the glories of the morn, dispelling the mist of darkness, and shedding joy and grace over the earth, but to these wandering spirits it imparts a most welcome and soothing release from the charms of the conjurer. Is it then, wonderful that the red man should sometimes worship this bright Venus, this sweet disseminator, this lovely companion of the sun, the first faint glimmers of whose silver beams are a signal of so much joy to the dreamer? When it is discovered that the camp of such arts are being resorted to in the tribe, the hostiles, the old men of the tribe put their heads together to devise a scheme of safety. This consists in outconjuring the enemy. Thus there are what may be called defensive conjurations, which consist in effacing the influence of the wandering spirit to the neighborhood of their own camp, and perchance its orb should

have become too erratic, venturing within the sphere of the opposite element, to the black again by counter spells to its own faculty and suffer liberation.

This, on this occasion, *Holotouche* was much combed a week afterwards when he met an aged Indian called "The Old Doctor," who being famed in the art of conjuration, could endeavor to defend him and outwitted the Prophet.

The writer was witness to the above, and on records, believing that such materials of this will be of some sufficient interest to deserve to be preserved.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

The big *Thiarr* arrived in our port, yesterday, from Havana, which place she left on the 11th inst. By this arrival we have received our first papers from the date of her departure. They contain later advices from Mexico, though nothing of very serious moment. The British steamer *Medway*, arrived at Havana, on the 7th inst., from Vera Cruz, with Gen. Santa Anna and family. The *Medway* brought \$1,250,000 in specie for England. The steamer *Dece*, arrived the same day, from Granada, having on board ex-President Montemayor.

The Havana papers publish the act of amnesty towards those concerned in the attempt on Santa Anna to regain power. This amnesty is complete and final; it allows all persons convicted of political offenses, a full pardon, and a restoration to their employment and professions, but prohibits the resumption of their military grades. General Santa Anna, Canales, and the Ex-Minister Ignacio Ramon are excepted from this pardon, unless they think proper to abscond themselves from the Republic for the space of ten years. The same terms are offered to Reyes, Barranda and Haroy, Yamariz, who have already left the country—a certain time being allowed them to make known their acceptance or rejection. To Santa Anna and others who are capitulated, the government grants an annual pension, equal to half the amount of the salaries enjoyed by them prior to the 29th of November, 1855, such to be forfeited if any of the conditions of the act of amnesty be violated. Preliminary liabilities are not affected by this act. Santa Anna and the rest, before leaving the Republic, are required to satisfy any claims that may be used against them.

The *Diario de la Marina* says that the rubber journals say nothing of the Texas question. The paper of Mr. Shannon is confirmed, and it is further stated that he was motivated by the high command.

The Mexican Congress is busily engaged in a modification of the tariff laws. General D. Jose Juan Larrea has been appointed Governor of the fortress of San Juan de Ulua.

A cargo of counterfeiters had been arrested at Mexico, and a large amount of counterfeit coin was found in their possession. Intelligence had been received at Mexico of the complete restoration of tranquility in California. It was supposed that there would be no obstacle to the landing of troops sent thither by sea.

The Vera Cruzan of the 18th of May, complains of the suspension of commerce in that port, which it attributes to the pending question of a reform of the tariff—shippers being unwilling to resume the Mexican trade until it be decided.

The Mexican Government appears to be threatened with a new war with France, in consequence of the representative, secretary and attaches of the legation, having been assaulted and maltreated by a number of peasants and soldiers. The French Ambassador, M. Allex de Cypres, submitted to the Government the alternative of a prompt and severe chastisement of the offenders, or the transmission of his passports.

To this summary of news the private correspondence from *Diario de la Marina* contains nothing more. The two propositions of Santa Anna. First—To give the Government power to settle the foreign debt of the Republic; second—To make a treaty with Texas, have both been approved. It is stated that the propositions offered by Texas are:—The recognition of her independence; an indemnity of twenty millions of dollars; five millions of cash, and the balance in bonds; the settlement of the boundary; a pledge to refuse annexation, with the guarantee of France and England. "I cannot vouch for this," says the writer, "but I am certain that well informed persons, who are in daily communication with the President and his minister, declare there will be no war, and this is corroborated by the fact, that thus far, no preparations for hostilities have been made."

Santa Anna received his passports with every appearance of content. Canales, on the contrary, is said to have declared that he preferred death to perishing of famine among foreigners.

Commerce was very dull. Robbers swarmed along the public routes, and the mail from Vera Cruz, Puebla and other points in the interior, were daily attacked and rifled. A few days previous, near Rio Frio, packages of silk, cotton, cinnamon and other goods to the amount of \$30,000 were carried off by a band of scoundrels, some fifty in number, who assaulted ten or twelve dragoons that served as an escort, killed the commandant and sergeant and put the rest to flight.

The correspondent in question takes an intelligent view of the state of affairs in Mexico. He terms it a bare, bare people discontented and disposed to sedition, and the ministers under the present government will in all probability, soon resign their offices. The demand at resignation is talked of as a certain event, and General Almonte will doubtless become a prominent member of the New Cabinet. The situation of the government is extremely critical. The popular discontent, which produced the revolution of last November, has subsided—the people ignorant and credulous, who had taken part in this movement in the hopes of bettering their condition, find themselves as badly off as ever, and are exasperated against the new administration. They threaten another revolution, and the Government is placed by its weakness, and their unobedience, in a state of unrelenting anxiety. In the meanwhile measures have been adopted for defending such cities as Puebla, which are most infested by the spirit of revolt.

There has been an arrival from Yucatan to Havana, bringing news to the 15th inst., but no news of interest.

Excitement.—A new revolution had broken out in the republic of Ecuador and resulted in the fall of General Flores and the Convention of Quito. The movement commenced at Guayaquil on the 7th March, the insurgents having attacked the headquarters of the army, and captured Gen. Wright to surrender after losing 180 men. They immediately proceeded to declare the present Government, and to establish a new one, creating a Provisional Governor for each department of Quito, Cuenca and Guayaquil.

It was rumored that General Oramendi arrived at Badajoz with a force of 600 men, destined to support Flores. A general revolution was looked for.—*New Orleans Bee*, June 18th.

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

By the arrival of the steam packet New York, Capt. Wright, at New Orleans, on the 17th inst., the Bee is in possession of files of Texas papers, to the 14th inst. inclusive.

The Galveston News extra, publishes a third proclamation of President Jones, preceded by a preamble, in which that worthy attempts to gloss over his conduct with the tinsel of a spurious patriotism. He begins thus:

"The executive is now able to declare to the people of Texas the actual state of their affairs with respect to Mexico, to the end that they may direct and dispose of them as they shall judge best for the honor and permanent interest of the Republic."

He then goes on to say that last summer he learned from credible sources that the government of Mexico was disposed to acknowledge the independence of Texas, upon the understanding that Texas would maintain her separate existence; that in March last, the Representatives of Great Britain and France jointly renewed the offer of their intermediation with Mexico for this purpose; that they were unaccompanied by any entangling conditions, he could not consent to reject them, and therefore placed in the hands of their representatives statements of conditions preliminary to treaty of peace. These conditions having been accepted by the Government of Mexico, through the friendly interposition of England and France, he deems it his duty to issue the following proclamation:

"Whereas, Authentic proof has recently been laid before me, to the effect that the Congress of Mexico has authorized the Government to open negotiations and conclude a treaty with Texas, subject to the examination and approbation of that body, and further that the government of Mexico has accepted the conditions prescribed on the part of Texas as preliminary to a final and definite peace."

Therefore, I, Anson Jones, President of the Republic of Texas, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, and Militia thereof, do hereby make known these circumstances to the citizens of this Republic, till the same can be more fully communicated to the Honorable Congress and Convention of the People, for their lawful action, at the period of their assembling on the 12th of June and 4th of July next, and pending the said action by virtue of the authority in me vested, I do hereby declare and proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and by sea, against the Republic of Mexico, or against the citizens and trade thereof.

Most of the papers that we have seen are excessively indignant at these developments, and even the most moderate such as the Houston Telegraph, express an emphatic belief that the proposals of Mexico will be promptly rejected by Congress.

Captain Elliott is to remain at Galveston, to await the action of Congress on the proposals of the Mexican Government.

Some specimens of Texas sugar have been manufactured by Mr. Mercer, a planter on the Colorado. With four hands, he has this year raised 50,000 lbs. Most of it sold for eight cents a pound.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

EXECUTION OF MCCURRY.

This man, who had offended against the laws of his country, by murdering Mr. Paul Roux, in January last, expired his offence on the gallows to-day.

Having returned to bed in his cell about 1 o'clock this morning, he slept soundly until 5, when he was awakened by the warden, according to his own request.

He arose and continued up, acting with much coolness and deliberation, until 7 o'clock, when he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Cookery, of the Catholic Church, with whom he soon joined in religious exercises. After kneeling in prayer for some time, the solemn sacrament of the Eucharist was administered to him.

The solemnities were kept up, until 11 o'clock when the deputy sheriff appeared for the purpose of dressing the prisoner in his death habiliments. On being told the object of their visit, he arose and stood firmly erect, assuming occasionally to adjust his garments with his own hands.

His arms were crossed on his breast, and his hands fastened to his side with a cord. Being thus in readiness for the execution, prayers were again said in his cell, in which he appeared to take a deep and earnest part; kneeling with his face towards a small cross suspended upon the wall before him, which had been placed there.

At half past 11 o'clock, the high sheriff, Mr. Tracey, wearing a sword and belt, entered the cell and demanded the prisoner. A few minutes afterwards he took his place before the scaffold and the Rev. Mr. Cookery, and left the cell.

In going up the stairs the prisoner uttered somewhat as if from physical weakness, he however preserved an extraordinary degree of firmness and self-possession.

After having knelt for a short period upon the scaffold in prayer, the rope was adjusted upon his neck, and he shook hands with the two clergymen and Mr. Soliers, the warden, who had ascended with him. The sheriff then bade him farewell, and descending to the foot of the scaffold, within a minute, cut the rope with his own hands. The drop fell and at about twenty minutes before twelve o'clock, the man's spirit was launched into an awful eternity.

A short struggle and drawing up of his feet was perceptible for about two minutes when all animation appeared suspended. The sufferer, as far as could be observed, appeared light and brief.

"The body thus remained suspended until

three minutes past 12 o'clock, without an apparent struggle (the neck having been broken and the spinal marrow severed,) when it was lowered, pronounced dead by the attending physician, then placed in a coffin and given over by the sheriff to the Rev. Mr. Cookery, agreeably to the prisoner's request, for interment.

The prisoner made no further communication designed for the public than that already published in his confession. His countenance was pale, and he acted throughout with uncommon nerve, not even flinching at a test.

THE HERALD,

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1856.

Statistics and Politics. There is at all times a pretty intimate relation between these two branches—but some tables published in the National Intelligencer of Wednesday, taken from a public document of the House of Representatives, and the calculations found upon them, disclose a sort of relation, not generally suspected between the two.

In pursuance of a call adopted by the House of Representatives, on the motion of Z. Pratt, a member from this State, the Secretary reported the amount of duties upon imports and tonnage, and the cost of collection, for several series of years. The results are exceedingly curious in some instances, as will be seen by what we are about to add.

For the first decade or series of ten years from 1824 to 1833, the whole amount of duties was \$28,280,425, collected at the cost of \$10,312,873—or about 3 58 per cent. The aggregate cost of collection seems not unreasonable—although in some of the details the greatest inequality is perceptible. For instance—the cost of collecting \$3,689,549 in MAINE, was \$692,950—or 18 14 per cent. In VERMONT, \$72,310 cost for collecting \$43,169—or \$77 13 per cent. In DELAWARE, the revenue being \$70,920, the cost of collection was \$117,350—or \$46,430 more than the receipts. In OHIO, the collection of the revenue costs more than twice the whole sum collected, and in MICHIGAN more than three times the sum, while in NEW YORK, where the collections amounted for the ten years to one hundred and forty two millions of dollars, the cost of collection averages only 2 09 per cent. In PENNSYLVANIA, the cost of collections was 2 13 per cent, and in MASSACHUSETTS 3 70 per cent.

It is however to be borne in mind that in the districts where the cost of collection exceeds the receipts—some expense, perhaps unavoidably disproportioned to the revenue must be incurred in order to prevent smuggling—the quantum of that expense nevertheless can hardly, one would think, be legitimately two or three fold that of the receipts. But if the results of the first decade are startling, those of the second, from '43, are vastly more so.

In that period the receipts fell short of those of the preceding period in the sum of nearly ninety millions of dollars, while the expenses of collection increased in the sum of nearly 3 12 millions—and the average cost almost doubled. Here are the figures—

Duties from '34 to '43, \$199,209,718—Expenses of collection, \$13,683,527—Average rate 6 86 c. per cent. In this period the receipts in Maine fell off almost one half, while the expenses of collection were nearly tripled—averaging 40 15 per cent, instead of 18 14 as before.

In Vermont neither receipts nor expenses varied much.

In Delaware the receipts were larger, viz. \$123,200—the expenses 189,170—or \$65,970 more than the collections. In Ohio the collections cost only about a dollar and a half for every dollar received, and in Michigan only two dollars.

But in New York Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, where the revenue falls off, the cost of collection greatly increased, as thus:

	Collection.	Cost.	per cent.
N York,	109,527,288	5,079,590	4 60
Penn.	19,982,410	980,380	4 05
Mass.	31,985,410	1,919,110	5 09

The table for the preceding decade from '24 to '33 gives these results:

	Collection.	Cost.	per cent.
N York,	141,089,070	2,965,230	2 09
Penn.	42,072,095	983,990	2 12
Mass.	51,509,030	1,402,230	2 70

Hence it appears that for ten years subsequent to 1824, one hundred and forty two millions of dollars were collected in New York for less than three millions of dollars, while for a like period from 1824 to '44 it cost more than five million of dollars to collect one hundred and nine and a half millions, and in like proportion as the above table shows, in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

In 1833, and subsequently, General Jackson being elected, the purpose of transmitting the people to his nominee was seriously entered upon. The nominee having studied and practiced in—nay having founded, the school which teaches that public officers are partisan spoils, and which proceeds upon the assumed verity of all professed politicians—we might perhaps find in these facts an explanation of the sudden, monstrous and otherwise inexplicable drop of the Custom House department, while the revenue was all the time decreasing.

If we had a copy of the document furnished to the House of Representatives, we

might possibly trace, step by step, and year by year, the progress of this new and corrupting influence—and we might also ascertain whether, and in what degree, it at all, it was for a while checked after the election of Gen. Harrison, and then urged with accelerated momentum under the degraded interregnum of Tylerism.

As it is, and until we can obtain a copy of the report itself, we must content ourselves with the extracts we have taken from the National Intelligencer—which however, seems abundantly to furnish our general conclusion.

The following table, the only one given in detail by the Intelligencer—corroborates our views. Let it be carefully considered.

NEW JERSEY.			
Yrs.	Duties on imports and tonnage.	Expenses of collection.	Rate per cent.
1822	\$25,829	\$4,991	19 33
1823	8,731	4,551	52 12
1824	485,224	11,888	2 45
1825	3,740	15,638	418 12
1826	16,370	5,916	26 13
1827	536,861	11,266	2 16
1828	794,360	22,366	3 22
1829	281,620	12,874	5 11
1830	2,827	9,557	337 00
1831	31,023	6,337	20 42
1832	105	5,109	4,864 76
1833	61,110	9,934	16 10
1834	1,168	7,154	638 52
1812	161	6,763	4,157 76

Here it will be seen that in 1833—the commencement of the Jackson period of dictating a successor, it cost \$5 108 to collect one hundred and five dollars! and in 1842, when mean and most inglorious Tylerism was making its struggle at once ludicrous and desperate for a re-election, it cost \$6 694 to collect one hundred and six dollars!

We shall take care to obtain a copy of this document, and shall have occasion, we do not doubt, to revert to its revelations. N. Y. Cour. & Enb.

Disruptive Fire. A correspondent of the Essex Co. Republican writes that a very destructive fire occurred a few days since in the town of West Moriah, in N. Y., near Lake Champlain. It commenced in a bit of tuft on the farm of Col. Barnes, and while the men were at dinner, spread through the grass into the woods, and swept over an immense tract with great rapidity. On the road from East to West Moriah it burned down two double saw-mills, a dwelling house, a barn, 17,000 pieces of lumber and 3,000 logs belonging to Messrs. Barnes & Travis, whose loss is about \$10,000; and in a few hours after had travelled eight miles and swept away the saw mill, dwelling and barn, with 6,000 pieces of lumber and 200 logs of the Hon. N. S. Storrs, whose loss is \$2,000. Thence it extended to the two mills, dwelling and barn of John Ensign, whose loss is \$2,000, and swept away five other mills in West Moriah and Scroon, of which the value is not ascertainable. The entire loss is estimated at over \$300,000. The swiftness with which the flames swept over the country, gave rise to some exciting scenes. The letter in the Republican says—

Ten or twelve men were engaged in what is called 'Ensign's Upper Mill,' and in a few moments the fire had passed them on all sides, so that they could not leave. Many had left them, and some of the 'men' would have been glad to leave, but being hemmed in, they fought like brave men, long and well, and though at times ready to sink from fatigue, the mill and lumber were finally saved. During the hottest of the fire, young Storrs and William Foster left from what was called 'Ensign's Lower Mill,' to cross the hills to the other mills belonging to Judge Storrs. They passed in safety, and with three other men, by dint of hard labor, saved the mills, being also providentially favored by a change in the wind.

Leaves carried by the smoke and wind fell at Middlebury, Vt., about twenty miles distant. Near the fire the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the roaring of the fire is said to have been heard a number of miles. The peculiar situation of the locality where the fire occurred, and the very fortunate change of wind, saved many other valuable buildings from destruction.

Release of Thomas W. Dorr. An Act of Amnesty has been passed by the Rhode Island Assembly, at Newport, liberating Mr. Dorr from prison, unconditionally, and restoring him to his privileges as a citizen, upon his taking an oath of allegiance. The vote in the House, on the passage of the bill, stood ayes 58, noes 9.

The Providence Journal of Saturday says—"Thomas W. Dorr was released from prison yesterday, in accordance with the provisions of the act of amnesty. Some of his friends, who betrayed and deserted him in the hour of danger, took occasion to manifest their devotion to him by firing cannon. They afterwards formed a procession, headed by a drum and file, and escorted him to the home of Hezekiah Willard, Col. Wales of course, acted as marshal."

THE CAT-O-NINE-TAILS HUNG UP.—The U. S. Journal understands that the Secretary of the Navy Department has determined to discontinue, as far as possible under existing laws, the infliction of corporal punishment for petty offenses in the Navy.

Sir Richard Downes Jackson, Lieut. Gen. commanding the British Forces in North America, died at Montreal, a few days since, very suddenly.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On the first of the present month the new Post Office Law came into operation, one provision of which is that Newspapers may go through the mail free of postage, to any distance not exceeding thirty miles. The Herald has its greatest circulation within this distance; and we have heretofore been under the necessity of sending our papers in bundles by stage and such other uncertain ways as opportunity offered. This has, of course, been attended with irregularities and failures entirely beyond our control, and which have in some instances been the cause of complaint on the part of our subscribers, although we have done what we could to ensure an early delivery of their papers. Many in consequence of this irregularity, have subjected themselves to postage, to ensure the regular receipt of the Herald.—Some few have withdrawn the names from our subscription book, while others have exercised a spirit of forbearance—hoping that some opportunity might offer whereby this cause of complaint would be removed. The new Post Office law removes it—and we shall avail ourselves of its privileges in every case where we can. We have this week sent many of our papers by mail which have formerly been sent by other conveyance, and we shall very soon make arrangements to send all that will be best accommodated by this conveyance.

In addition to the facilities offered for the circulation of newspapers, the Postmaster General has also made the following provision whereby payments can be made for papers without the trouble and risk of sending money by letter through the mail.

Money for newspaper subscriptions, not exceeding \$10 in each case, may be paid to a postmaster for the purpose of being paid to the publisher of a newspaper at any other office. The postmaster is in such case to give to the person paying the money, a receipt therefor, and to advise forthwith the postmaster who is to pay said amount of such receipt. Upon the presentation of this receipt, the amount is to be paid over. The postmaster receiving the amount is to debit himself therewith in his account, and the postmaster paying that amount is to credit himself therewith in his account of contingent expenses.

Dr. L. W. Guernsey, of Shrewsbury, has been appointed Agent for the Herald in that town and vicinity.

SOUND VIEWS, ABLY EXPRESSED.

In speaking of the death of Ex-President Jackson, the New York Tribune very properly and candidly referred to the unfortunate and demoralizing influence which the character and habits of that individual had created upon the past and present character of the American people. The notorious Captain Rynders, infamously noted as the leading bully of that moral and political nuisance, known as the Empire Club, took umbrage at the frankness and candor of our friend, and, at a recent meeting of that unholy cabal, declared that "none but a villain, incapable of understanding or appreciating a true American principle, would have penned such an article." Whereupon Greely very justly replied:

Capt. Isaiah Rynders and the Empire Club feel that "none but a villain" would write such an article as ours relative to Gen. Jackson. Under favor we suggest that gentleman of such extensive observation, varied acquirements and liberal principles, should have vindicated their breeding and culture by a more enlightened judgment. They ought to know how to make allowance for radical differences of education, habits, and associations.—Robert Owen would say that, had our circumstances (a most comprehensive term) like those of Captain Rynders, our opinion of Gen. Jackson would have been like his; and that is doubtless very near the truth. Had we "seen life" as he has seen it, we should have judged character as he judges it. But how can he expect one brought up to the dull routine of daily labor for daily bread, schooled to represent authority and reverence law—to loathe bloodshed and scorn ruffianism—to view the character of the great Chieftain of Democracy through the spectacles of one who has been a "free liver," never backward in a frolic or skirmish, and who has made his hundreds at a kick on a turn of the "little joker"? We thought the President of the Empire was more of a philosopher than his exhibition of ill temper proclaimed him.

—And if evidence were needed to establish the correctness of our estimate of Gen. Jackson's influence on the politics and public morals of the country, we certainly should not, for a single demonstration, travel very far from Captain Rynders and his Club. They are directly in point. Does any body believe that, if there had never been a Gen. Jackson, there would ever have been an Empire Club? Would such men as Captain Rynders, Bill Ford, Jo Jewell, and Country McCluskey, have ventured and encouraged to appear conspicuously on the political stage, and exercise a controlling influence over our most important Elections? Would they, and such as they, have "loomed large" among councillors and boon companions of Presidents, escorting one out of office and another into it, and following their flaunting banner into the private apartment of the incoming President to be severally introduced and commended to him? We do most sadly, earnestly believe that these, and many other specialties could never have been witnessed in our land, but for the lawlessness in the election of Andrew Jackson. So believing, shall we speak out our deep conviction, or repress it, and unite in heaping indiscriminate honors on the source of deplorable evils? While the Empire Club so naturally, and we doubt not so heartily, expressed its admiration of and grief for the departed, may we not as fully give utterance to our lamentations over the evils which, thro' him, have befallen our beloved country?—When the Empire speak what they obviously feel, why do they brand us "villains" for speaking what is just as natural to us?

General Jackson sought and won the admiration of such as they are; he was elected, he could not have won eye without forfeiting them. Why do they ask impossibilities?

—For the Military services of the eminent deceased, we honor him. We believe he had many of the best points of a great commander, and that, had he been born in an age when and country where wholesale butchery was fashionable, he would probably have overrun a continent, slaughtered his hundreds of thousands, and founded a dynasty of despots. He did less than this, because there was less to do; but he did thoroughly all that he had to do, none could have done it better. There is no solid reason why he should not rank as high on the roll of mighty warriors as Alexander or Alaric. We like not the bloody trade, and cannot bestow much admiration on its great proficient, yet we could have united heartily in honor to General Jackson, regarded solely as a military man.

But when we see an attempt made to canonize and canonize, by funeral honors, the crimes against Liberty and law which were committed by or through General Jackson—to represent him as a second Washington—to hold up his career to the Youth of our land, as a model for their admiring imitation, we cannot be silent. We are irresistibly reminded of the golden days of our Republic, when the strong Will was absolute Law—when honest Opinion was not a crime—when Lynch Law, official mail robbery, and the forcible exile of unoffending, dependent tribes, were unknown—when our National faith was unsullied by avowed perfidy to the Cherokees, or covert rapacious treachery to Mexico—when Proscription had not fastened its poisonous fangs on the vitals of the body politic, and responsible officers were not consequently filled with Princes, Hoyts, Tom Loyds and Bill Fords—when Honesty was deemed essential to Honor, and the terrible vice of universal office seeking had not tainted our Elections, and incurably diseased the Republic. And when these things shall pass in review before our mind's eye, and we compare what was with what is, we are impelled to say, Let them do homage whom feeling or hypocrisy impel to it; we cannot.

A case is pending in the United States District Court of Massachusetts which we heartily hope may be decided in favor of the defendant. A gentleman in one of the interior towns of the State, had become a believer in Millerism, and abandoned his business, with every disposition to squander his property; not being of the opinion that there was any sense in holding on to anything worldly, when it was all certain of going off by conflagration in a few days. His friends managed, however, to prevent him from acting quite so foolishly, and he was prevailed on to transfer his property to his son, very much in the same manner in which he would have disposed of it by last will and testament. The time set for the final consummation of all things having passed by, he began gradually give over his Millerism, and after a while, he became desirous of going into business, for which purpose, it was found convenient to get hold of the property given to his son. The latter demurred, and being of the opinion that the estate was safer in his own hands, than in the hands of one liable to such sudden freaks as his father, on the whole refused to re-transfer. To recover this property, on the ground that the grantor was insane when he conveyed it, this son is brought. Messrs Webster and Choate are employed by the plaintiff, and able counsel have been retained by the defendant. We hope that the jury will consider the transaction as a bona fide one, and as evincing none of that sort of insanity which should relieve the grantor from the consequences of his voluntary act.

Captain Eliot and Texas.

A Texan writing from New Orleans to Washington, under date June 17, says: "Captain Elliott her Britannic Majesty's charge, I met on his arrival at the hotel. He laughs and talks as usual, and appears in good spirits—freely acknowledges that all is a snarl in Texas, and that annexation is certain; that there will be no difficulty between Mexico and the United States. He said; three years ago, or more, when he went to Texas, he found the country going very fast to leeward; that when he left it that day, he presented us with independence; that the late revolution in Mexico bringing into power men of more liberal views, had enabled her Majesty's government to realize the assurance made to us in 1840 by Lord Palmerston, that England would use her kind efforts with Mexico to grant us peace or independence; that it was very gratifying to him that it has been accomplished. England will have nothing to say about annexation, as it is a matter resting entirely with the people of Texas. He will leave for the North, and never expects to go back to Texas, unless he is ordered to do so by the government, which he is certain will never be the case.

It is generally thought by my countrymen our Congress will act upon annexation in good time, and then adjourn to meet in Austin, to log roll at the convention.

Southern Justice. George Hillard was lynched at Laurensville, N. C. a few nights since. The facts of the case are as follows: Some weeks previous, Mr. McRae's store was forcibly entered, and money to the amount of 400 or 500 dollars abstracted. All possible efforts were made to discover the thief, but without sufficient success to bring in action. In the meantime, however, suspicion fell upon George Hillard, and the suspicion was strengthened by the fact that Hillard had been strongly suspected of having robbed the same house some years before. Nevertheless, there was no indictment sued out against him, we believe, either at that or any other time, for such an offence. Under these circumstances, three disguised men entered Hillard's dwelling